

## Day 9 Blue by mampysou

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**Summary:**

Steve is down.

## Day 9 Blue

“Steve?” Steve turned his head to look at the voice who spoke to him. His mother stood in his doorway looking at him. Her eyes were thoughtful. “You got the blues baby?”

Steve was nineteen, he didn’t need his mom calling him baby anymore but today he could do something from his distant parents. He was surprised she had even noticed he wasn’t feeling like himself.

“Yeah, Mom. I think I do.” He muttered, trying to hold back the crack in his voice he felt coming.

“Well,” she started, not moving an inch from the door way. “Don’t let your father see you like this. It will just make him cranky and we are heading to the club tonight. I don’t want him to ruin my evening.”

He can read between the lines. He know what she is saying. Don’t fuck it up Steve. I want a nice evening with your father, so don’t mess this up for *me*. She doesn’t care he is feeling shit or ‘blue’ just that he does ruin it for anyone else.

He was disappointed in himself for even believe she cared about him. He should know by now that that type of thing doesn’t happen in the Harrington house. Show no signs of weakness or it could be turned against you.

He knows he is being stupid anyway. He and Billy were only together a short while before the sunshine boy had to return home. Steve understood. He *did* but he still missed him. Max kept home updated on how he was which he really appreciated but he also hated to hear. To hear how Billy had found a job at the surf shack with an old friend, how he had cut his hair, how he had picked up a bass for the first time in years and could regularly be found on the beach with his friends singing to all the new songs from his favourite rock bands. Bands Steve hated but listened to just to watch the way Billy came alive, moving with the beat and drumming his hands, fingers flying along with the bass that Steve could barely hear.

Billy rang him once. Steve was so excited to hear his voice, to listen

to him speak about what he was doing and all the things max had told him, but that wasn't what Steve got. Billy sounded wrong. He was stilted, cold and sad. Like he was falling apart and missing him just as much as Steve missed Billy. Even though they both said it should end. They *both* said it was too far, plus it was probably not going to go anywhere any way.

Steve had the number Billy gave him in the top of his drawer by his bed. Maybe, when his parents left, he could ring him. Just to see he was okay. That he was still free and happy. He took a moment to come to the decision and nodded to himself. He would call when they have left.

An hour later, Steve heard the door shut proceeded by a quiet goodbye from his mother. He sat up immediately and reached into the draw pulling out the scrap of paper. He didn't need it. He had long since memorized the digits on the lines he had scribbled down nearly two months ago.

Padding out into the hall in just his socks and soft sweats, he leant against the wall and picked up the phone. His fingers hovered over the digits waiting to be pressed. The numbers burnt into his mind floated in his vision. So why couldn't he press them? Why was he so nervous? He felt sick. He felt the wave of despair wash from the tips of his ears, to the soles of his feet making him feel heavy.

He stared so long his eyes blurred, until he started punching in the numbers needing to hear the only voice he craved right now.

It rang three time before some one picked up.

"ello?" the voice asked sounding tired.

"Hey. Is Billy there?" Steve asked, trying and failing to keep his emotion from his voice.

"Hargrove? Nah man he left like a week ago." The voice said.

"He left?" Steve asked, disbelieving. He wouldn't leave with out telling Max or him where he had gone. Would he?

"Yeah dude. Wouldn't shut up about a dude he liked. Who he

couldn't live without, you know? Said he was gonna go find them a place to live together." Steve was hardly listening. Had Billy found someone new? Steve knew he wasn't Billy's only... boyfriend or hook-up... but it hadn't been that long. Was it just Steve who felt like this? Had he read the whole thing wrong?

Steve put the phone down with any sort of farewell or thanks and slid down the wall. He was pining for someone who didn't want him. Who did need him anymore. God he was an idiot. Every time someone had said he went in too hard or too strong was true.

Somehow he made it back to his room and onto his bed. Staring at the ceiling unseeing trying to figure out what he missed. Why he wasn't the guy Billy was crazy about. Why he wasn't the one Billy was moving in with. Was he already with him when he rang Steve? Was it so cold because he was trying to tell Steve he had moved on and didn't want him.

Another wave of blue crashed over him and he wished he could sink into his bed. To be swallowed up never to be seen again.

His doorbell rang sometime later, he considered not going but it wouldn't be worth it if it was something for his dad. So, he hauled himself off and trudged down stairs. He sniffed, huffed and pulled himself up tall. He plastered a fake ass smile on his face and opened the door.

When he opened it up however, he didn't see a stuffy suited man looking at him but blue. Endless ocean blue eyes ones he had missed so much.

"Billy?" he whispered as a smile danced across the others features.

"Pack a bag baby. I am taking you *home*." His voice sounded sure confident and sexy, and it made Steve feel weak. The smile fell off his face as he rushed forward, "Steve? What's going on? Are you okay?"

Steve was confused for a moment until Billy's fingers brushed his cheek and came away damp. He chuckled in disbelief, "You're here." He murmured barely above a whisper. "But the guy you live with said you were going to get your boyfriend. And live with him."

“Yeah, Steve. Why else would I be here? I have come to get *you!*”

Steve stared into his eyes losing himself in their colour, he reached out and reeled Billy in. He kissed him on his door step neighbors be damned then shot away to pack up his life, to start a new one where the only *blue* was the sea, the sky, and Billy.

### **Author's Note:**

Thanks to everyone reading these and liking and commenting on them. It's so nice of you all. Hope you like it!